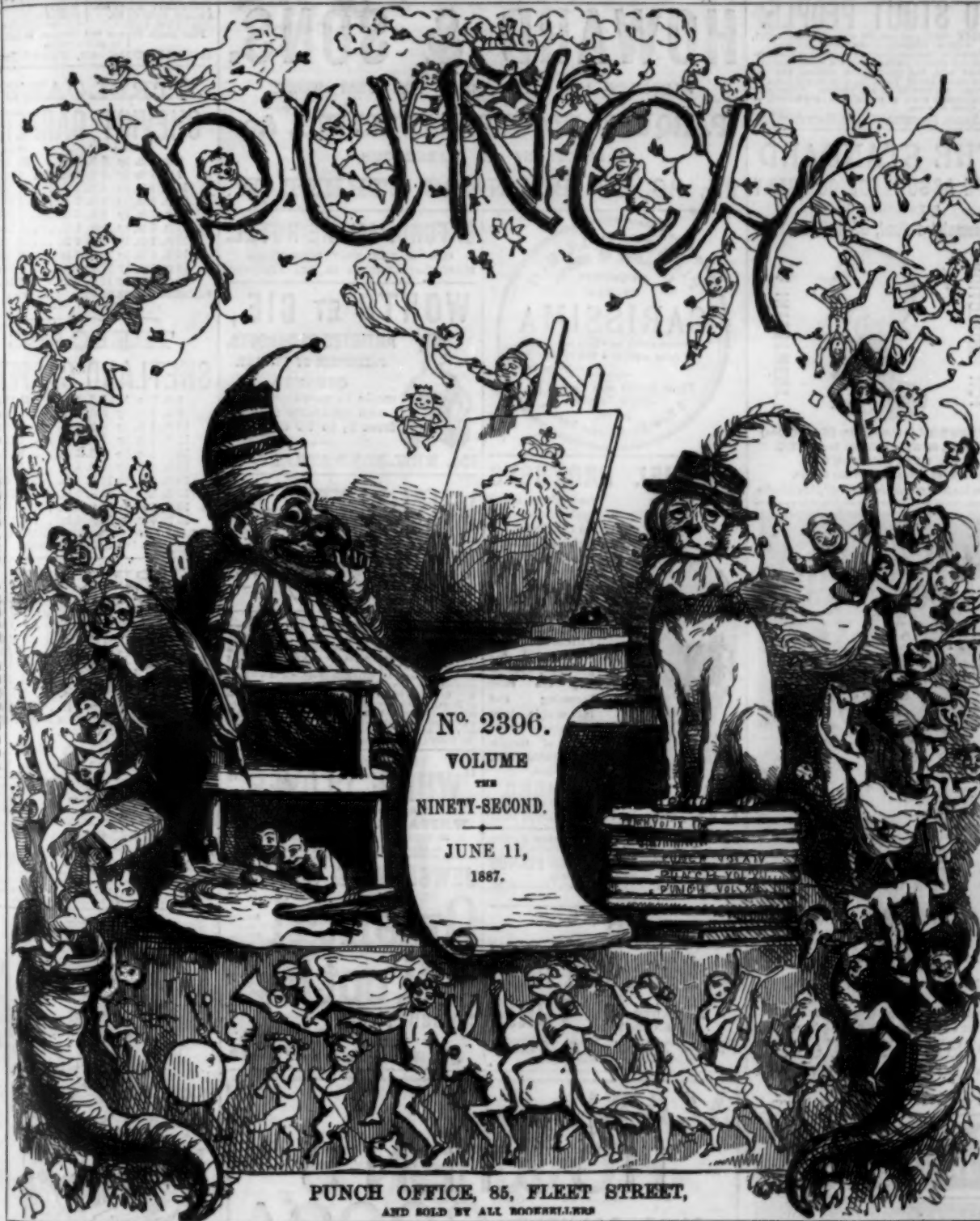


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AN INTERVIEW WITH A SINGH-ULAR INDIVIDUAL.

(By Our Quite Abroad Contributor.)

On receiving your instructions to follow the Doo (as DHULEEP is familiarly called in Russia) to Moscow, I hurriedly left Folkestone at noon by the *Mary Beatrice*, and after a prosperous voyage, arrived at my destination in time for lunch. As Moscow is not so well



"FILLALOO! OULD INDIA FOR EVER!"

known as it should be in England, I venture to send you a few notes that may enable you to form some conception of its characteristics. It has an excellent harbour from which the luxurious steamboats of the South-Eastern Railway can depart or arrive at any hour. This harbour will soon be replaced by one even more commodious, permitting the use of larger boats driven at a greater speed, and thus still further reducing the time in travelling from England to Russia. Boolongsurmerikoff (as the subjects of the Czar call Moscow) is very lively. It has an excellent Casino where capital concerts and theatrical representations are given twice a day, an unrivalled *plage* with admirable sea-bathing and any number of pretty country drives. The hotels are of the first quality, the *Meuriceaki* in the Rue Victorhugokoff being unquestionably the best of them. For the rest Boolongsurmerikoff is filled with the cheeriest of Englishmen and the most amiable of Muscovites.

As I drove through the Rue Victorhugokoff to the Hotel *Meuriceaki*, I found the street almost blocked with enthusiastic parents who were marching after their sons garbed as athletes. It appeared that the athletes (lads of eighteen or thereabouts) were going to engage in many feats of strength, including the "boxe Anglaise," in an adjacent suburb, and consequently that it was necessary that they should parade the city to the music of a band of children before starting forth on their adventures. During the day I ran across the procession breaking out in various parts of the city.

Once established in comfortable quarters, I made inquiries, and learned that I was likely to find the Doo in the Haute Ville, or high town. Warned by the want of success of the Representative of the *Times*, that strategy would be necessary to obtain an interview, I assumed an appropriate disguise. I put on a long-tail coat, enormous collars, gigantic boots, and singularly-patterned trousers. I wore an unusually high hat, carried a banjo, and darkened my face and hands to the tint of a Hottentot. The Doo, I was told, was got up as a stage Irishman—I would visit him in the garb of a musico-

hall nigger. I walked through the streets of Boolongsurmerikoff without attracting much attention—Englishmen are accustomed abroad to dress rather strangely—and was soon in the court-yard of the house in which the Doo was residing. A few Indians, in the costumes of British tourists, were lounging about. Upon seeing me, they immediately threw off their outer garments and boots, seized tom-toms, and began to dance and sing. The force of nature impelled them to welcome in me not only a man but a brother.

"Golly, golly!—dat you, SAMBO?" said I, in the purest Hindustani. "Is de poor iddle SING in de house?"

The Indians, still beating their drums with their hands, and jumping about as they sang a sort of dirge, nodded their heads affirmatively, and, by their gestures, invited me to enter. Nothing loth, I acted upon their suggestion, and found their master on the first-floor. The swarthy and portly Doo was wearing grey stockings, buff breeches, a tail-coat, a red waistcoat, a hat with a pipe stuck in it, and a shillelagh.

"Golly, golly!—dat you, SAMBO?" I repeated.

"Yah, yah!—dat is me, Sar!" replied the Doo, for a moment off his guard; then, recollecting his assumed character, he continued, "Bedad, what de ye mane? Is it myself that ye 're afther, Masther dear?"

Pleased at this friendly reception, I explained to the Doo that I had come over expressly to see him, to ascertain if he really was in receipt of Russian gold.

"Look at that, now!" he exclaimed, with indignation that I trust was not assumed. "Is it myself that would so demane myself as to take the dhirty gould of the Saxon?—I mane the Muscovite!"

"I am heartily glad to learn this, your Highness," I observed.

"After all the kindness you received in England, it would be a sad return were you to number yourself amongst our enemies."

"What are ye spaking about?" cried the Doo. "Why do ye call me out of my name? Shure I am PAT CASEY."

Without a moment's hesitation I struck up a plantation song on my banjo, and began to walk round the apartment. The Doo tried hard to restrain himself, but nature once more was too many for him. After a struggle he got up, and joined me in my quaint promenade; and when I indulged in a wild, joyous break-down, he followed my example. As he did this the Acting Edition of the *Colleen Bawn* fell from his pocket, and I became aware of the source of his Irish inspiration.

When we were both exhausted with our energetic capers, we sat down and rested. I told the Doo that disguise was no longer possible—that I had recognised him.

"Yah! yah! De ole nigger am found dis nigger out! Yah! yah!" returned His Highness, smilingly, speaking his native Hindustani for the first time, in token of submission.

I explained that a great many injurious reports were afloat, thanks chiefly to his own reticence in concealing his motives. He assured me that he would have been only too pleased to have seen the Representative of the *Times*, if he had only approached him in the right manner, as I had done. He then promised to give me the fullest information on the morrow, if I called before twelve o'clock. With this we parted, with a second national dance, indicative of mutual esteem and goodwill.

I had scarcely returned to the street when I was seized by members of the Third Section of the Russian Police, gagged, bound hand and foot and sent back to England.

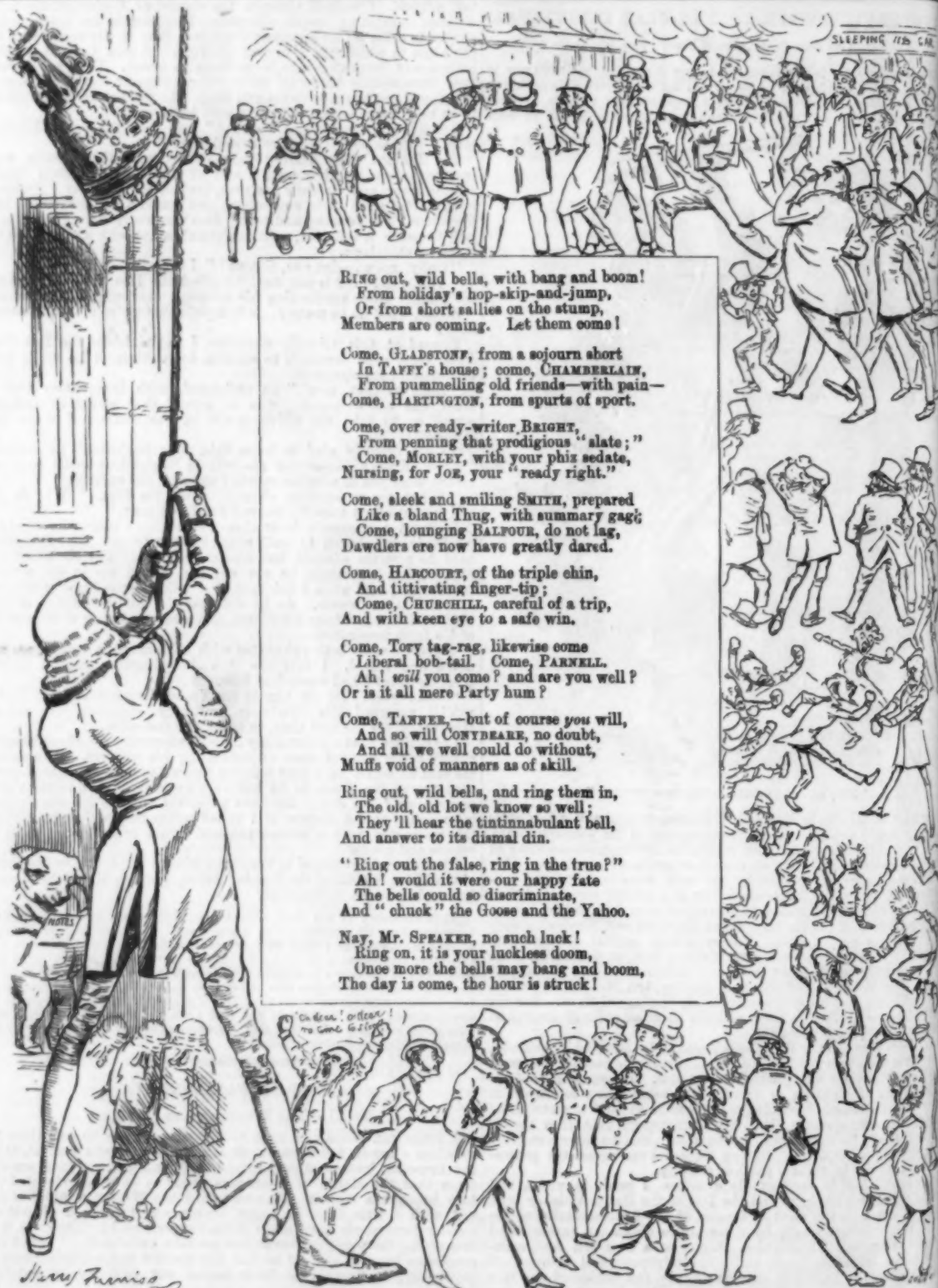
[It is necessary to say that, although we have every confidence in Our Representative, his communication puzzles us. His description of Moscow under a Russian name (which we now read for the first time) although not altogether unfamiliar to us, does not convey a very distinct impression of the second city of the Czar's dominions. He appears to have found the *Maharajah* a specimen of the Ethiopian race rather than an Asiatic, which is contrary to fact, as DHULEEP SINGH is not at all like a negro. The abrupt conclusion is also confusing. It is right to add that until we received this letter, we were under the impression that Our Representative was spending the Whitsuntide holidays at Boulogne.—ED.]

ÆSOP IN PARLIAMENT.

No. II.—THE WOODMAN AND THE AXE.

A POLITICAL Woodman went to his party-leaders to axe them to give him a handle to his name. It seemed so modest a request, that the Principal leaders at once agreed to it, and it was settled among them that the House of Peers was likely to be much elevated in tone by such a recruit. No sooner had the Woodman fitted himself with a title, than he began laying about him on all sides, aiming particularly nasty blows at his former friends. The G. O. M., now seeing the whole matter rather too late, exclaimed—"The first concession has lost all. If we had not yielded to his original axing so readily, he would not have turned out such an ungrateful feller."

Moral.—Morals don't apply to politics.



Ring out, wild bells, with bang and boom!
From holiday's hop-skip-and-jump,
Or from short sallies on the stump,
Members are coming. Let them come!

Come, GLADSTONE, from a sojourn short
In Taffy's house; come, CHAMBERLAIN,
From pummelling old friends—with pain—
Come, HARTINGTON, from spurts of sport.

Come, over ready-writer BRIGHT,
From penning that prodigious "alate";
Come, MORLEY, with your phiz sedate,
Nursing, for JOE, your "ready right."

Come, sleek and smiling SMITH, prepared
Like a bland Thug, with summary gag;
Come, lounging BALFOUR, do not lag,
Dawdlers are now have greatly dared.

Come, HARCOURT, of the triple chin,
And tittivating finger-tip;
Come, CHURCHILL, careful of a trip,
And with keen eye to a safe win.

Come, Tory tag-rag, likewise come
Liberal bob-tail. Come, PARNELL.
Ah! will you come? and are you well?
Or is it all mere Party hum?

Come, TANNER,—but of course you will,
And so will CONYDEARE, no doubt,
And all we well could do without,
Muffs void of manners as of skill.

Ring out, wild bells, and ring them in,
The old, old lot we know so well;
They'll hear the tintinnabulant bell,
And answer to its dismal din.

"Ring out the false, ring in the true?"
Ah! would it were our happy fate
The bells could so discriminate,
And "chuck" the Goose and the Yahoo.

Nay, Mr. SPEAKER, no such luck!
Ring on, it is your luckless doom,
Once more the bells may bang and boom,
The day is come, the hour is struck!

A TOUR DE FORCE.

Thursday.—Leave Hawarden. No Whit-tide trippers about, thank Heaven! Ark, however, still full of sandwich-boxes and discarded bottles, as mementoes of their visit. Take axe with me to Swan-sea. May come in useful, if I'm mistaken by bailiff who wants to distrain for tithes.

En route.—Made what I flatter myself as a successful introductory speech at Mwrleig-y-Pilwhistle. (N.B.—Must look up Welsh etymology when I get back. I could certainly have made some allusion to ancestor of mine having been probably born at Mwrleig-y-Pilwhistle if I had been able to come anywhere near a correct pronunciation of the name.) Effect of speech admirable. Crowd ducked five policemen and a bailiff in horse-pond at end of it, and chivied a tithe-supported parson fifteen miles across country. There is something very racy about this latter method of showing approval of my remarks.

Llanfwrilberg.—Query: could I have been born here? Never saw such enthusiasm. AR-WILLIAMS (President of Local Liberal Association) chants an address! He's a Bard, and distinguished at the Eisteddfod. Find crowd expect me to sing in reply! Explain how hoarse I am. Shall I give 'em "Home Sweet Home?" Mrs. GLADSTONE says, very decidedly, "No." They don't seem to care much about Home-Rule for Ireland. Want it for Wales—and especially Disestablishment of Welsh Church. Query—rather selfish?

Afternoon.—Passing through disturbed districts. They don't want me to "fire the heather here"—it's already alight. Notice armed sentinels on hills waiting for bailiffs. Query—isn't this a little lawless? Wish MORLEY was with me—he'd prove in no time that the attitude of the people is quite defensible—indeed, strictly legal.

Later.—Shunted at a rural junction. Population of adjoining districts lying in wait for me. Ask me—am I ready to dis-establish Welsh Church? Awkward. Wish they'd stick to Ireland. Tell 'em "Ireland blocks the way." They want to know how long it will block it. Refer them to AR-HARTINGTON. Glad when train moves on.

Swansea.—At last! Enthusiasm quite indescribable. Should uncommonly like to examine parish registers *here*. Could my parents have made a mistake about my place of birth, after all? Hoarse. Make slight speech, denouncing tithes. Reserve myself for great gathering on Saturday.

Saturday.—STEPHEN, who accompanies me, rather inclined to be nasty. Threatens to give up Hawarden living if I continue to incite "the ignorant rabble" against what he calls "a perfectly legitimate demand for a legal impost." He means tithes. Have to explain to him that legality and morality are two different things. For example, it would be perfectly legal for him to preach a two-hours' sermon every Sunday, and to decline to give me the use of his lectern—but would it be moral? Decidedly not. Think the personal illustration has somewhat mollified him.

Afternoon.—Gathering has taken place. Awkward to have Cambrian interpreter at one's elbow to translate remarks into Welsh as one goes along. Populace don't seem to care as much about Ireland as I expected. Have never heard of the complaints about obstruction, either. Mentioned TANFEE incidentally, and they thought I was alluding to scheme for new coinage.

Deputation waits on me after speech. Say they've something very important to communicate. Their arguments start with



THE WELSH HARPOONIST.

THE RETURN OF WILLIAM THE WHALER FROM AN ATTEMPT AT CATCHING WALES DURING THE RECESS.

tithes, and come round again to same point in a sort of Druids' circle. Spokesman, AR-JONES this time, says, "as Ireland blocks the way, would I mind dropping that question, and taking up Welsh Disestablishment instead!!" Ask them, hoarsely, if they want to turn my tour into a "tour de farce"? They don't understand the joke. On second thoughts, feel almost certain I could not have been born anywhere in Wales.

7 P.M.—Well, thank Goodness! the journey is over. Glorious triumph, though lucky it didn't last much longer. Hoarse as a crow. Saloon carriage too full of presents to the roof as it is. Couldn't have held much more. Splendid haul. Three suits of tweed complete, seventeen shawls, one hundred and fifty yards of stair-carpet, two feather beds, bolsters and pillows to match, five sacks of dog biscuit, wash-hand-stand, six bicycles, a dray-horse, two hundredweight of cabbages, and a waggon-load of laurel-wreaths. Took 'em all in through the window. Excellent happy thought of mine, drinking "their very good healths" in that cup of tea; for when, on Mrs. G. showing herself, five thousand fresh Welsh voices struck up in unison, "And He's a Jolly Good Fellow!" the scene was quite touching. But here we are in the station. Where's HUMKEY VIVIAN? He'll never make me out, smothered as I am, up to my shirt-collar, in floral tributes; and I can't shout to him, for I've no voice. Hi! Here!—Ha—he has heard me. Rescued at last, and off in carriage. Presents following in fifteen waggons. Enthusiasm tremendous. A sea of surging umbrellas as far as the eye can reach. Mustn't say a word to them, though. Must keep what I've got left me of my voice for Saturday. Ah! here's Singleton Abbey!

ROYAL ASCOT.

A Skit by Dumb Crambo, Junior.

Royal Ass—caught.

Alexandra Plait.



Hardwicks.

News takes.



Woke—king—ham—handy cap.

Hunt Cup.

NAVAL MANŒUVRES.

It having been reported that, spite the profession of the Intelligence Department that they will have complements equal to all demands, there will be great pressure on the occasion of the forthcoming Naval Review, and that the crews of the Indian troopships will be depleted, that Marine Artillery will be largely employed as blue-jackets, and that the officers and men of the gunnery and torpedo schools, which will be temporarily closed, will be distributed among the Fleet, it is now announced that still further efforts will be made by the Authorities to grapple with the necessities of the occasion. It is rumoured that three of Her Majesty's ironclads, for which no crews can be found, will be manned entirely by members of the Metropolitan Police Force, who, for the purpose of putting them thoroughly on their sea-legs, will meantime be taken several passages to Boulogne and back by the long sea-route. Arrangements have also been entered into by the Admiralty Authorities with Messrs. GATTI for the loan of the principal naval characters out of *Harbour Lights*, to whom, on their joining, important posts will be at once assigned. It is contemplated, also, to supply the deficiency of hands experienced in the torpedo fleet by calling out all the half-pay Admirals on the Retired List, which it is calculated will supply a reserved force of veterans who, if a little new to the work, will still be found of considerable use in the contemplated emergency.

Leading commands have been offered to, and accepted by, several Captains of the London Penny Steamboat Company, and it is understood that the Stewards of the Channel Services have volunteered in large numbers to fill the higher officers' grades that would otherwise have had, of necessity, to have been left vacant. Altogether, strenuous efforts are being made at head-quarters, and it is confidently hoped that, though the crews of the respective ships may prove to be of rather a cosmopolitan character, yet the Fleet as a whole will, if matters progress favourably, be found to be nearly fully half manned by the date fixed for the holding of the Review.

THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.—“Where shall I see the Procession from?”

A “BIG ‘BEN.’”

It would be difficult to find a gloomier play, and one less worthy of the genius of its author, than *Werner*, and it is therefore a great tribute to the dramatic

ability of Mr. FRANK MARSHALL, who arranged this version for Mr. IRVING, and to the genius of the actor that *Werner* should have deeply interested a crowded, critical, and representative audience for over two hours, and should have achieved an undeniable success. Played as it was last Wednesday, at a *matinée*, only once in the season now rapidly drawing to a close, for the benefit of Dr. WESTLAND MARSTON, dramatic author, the piece was as perfectly placed on the stage as if it had been intended for a run of three hundred nights.

There is nothing in it for Miss ELLEN TERRY, who strengthened the cast by taking the part of *Josephine*, “the wife of *Werner*,” as explained in the bills, “for this occasion only.” Miss EMERY played *Ida*. Mr. ALEXANDER deserved the enthusiastic approbation of the audience by his powerful performance of *Ulric*, a difficult and ungracious part. It is interesting to note the influence of the master mind on the imitative faculty, as over and over again we see Mr. ALEXANDER unconsciously reproducing the gait, tone, and manner of Mr. IRVING, and Miss EMERY reflecting Miss TERRY—“as in a looking-glass”—with a difference. No better man than Mr. WENMAN could be found for *Gabor*, the rough, honest, but unlucky soldier of fortune, who spends a considerable portion of his brief hour on the stage in wandering about dark subterranean passages, as if he were on a sanitary expedition examining the London sewers, and had taken a wrong turning by mistake. As the “Aughty Baron,” who is described in the playbill as “Usurping *Werner*’s rights,” Mr. GLENNY took care to remind us that this was not a modern melodrama, but one of the good old sort, of which *The Castle Spectre* may be taken as a type.

Mr. IRVING’S *Weird Werner* was wonderful. It is a figure that will haunt us whenever we venture on a hearty supper of lobster, Welsh-rabbit and Bismarck’s mixture of Champagne and stout “in a moog.” As we do not often indulge in this, the weird figure, will not haunt us much. But his performance was a memorable one, and what was weary reading became absorbing beyond all anticipation in action.

After the play Dr. WESTLAND MARSTON came before the curtain and in a clear and perfectly audible voice, made one of the most graceful touching and unaffected speeches we ever heard from the stage on any similar occasion. It is a sad thing to have to send round the hat, but it is lucky to have a hat to send round, and still more so to possess so generous and thorough-going a friend to urge the appeal as Mr. HENRY IRVING. The result must have been most gratifying.

LIGHTING UP.

SIR,—Excellent, in a measure, from an economical point of view, as is the Duke of WESTMINSTER’S suggestion of a house-to-house “candle-in-window” illumination, it seems to me that the effect of a general rejoicing could be just as readily conceived at an infinitely reduced outlay. Surely the display of a night-light over the hall-door, say, of every sixth house, would answer all the purpose, and be, moreover, a worthy and appropriate commemoration of those royal domestic savings for which the fifty years of HER MAJESTY’S glorious reign have been so justly celebrated. The effect, perhaps, would not be very great, but the expense would be confined within reasonable limits, which, even at the zenith of a Royal Jubilee, is a matter for the consideration of

Your obedient Servant,

A HALFPENNY SAVED.

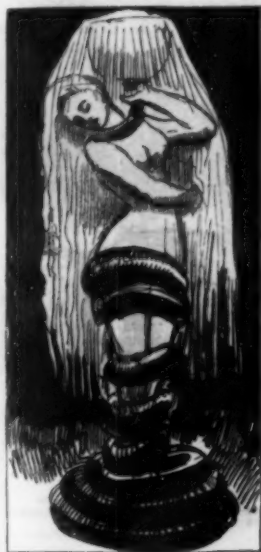
SIR,—What is wanted in London on the night of the 21st is a universal blaze everywhere; and this can only be insured by the permanent installation of the electric light. Gigantic search-lights should be at once planted in all directions, dynamos set up in every street, and squares, thoroughfares, and parks flooded simultaneously with the brightness of day. To give the display its full moral effect, the whole gas supply of the Metropolis should be entirely cut off. Thus the Illumination would be symbolical of the material progress effected during the fifty eventful years of HER MAJESTY’S glorious reign—a circumstance that would much gratify

Yours, obediently,

A SHAREHOLDER IN FIVE “ELECTRIC” COMPANIES.

SIR,—There is only one legitimate way of illuminating the Metropolis, and that is obviously by gas. And this should be done regardless of cost. Every street should be festooned with jets, and every monument and public building

GROSVENOR GEMS.



No. 24. Design for Moderator Lamp.



No. 25. A Blow Out; or, Out for a Blow.



No. 66.

"Two's company, three's none." Illustration of Homely Proverb.



No. 166.

The Latest Illusion at Maskelyne and Cook.

out-lined. Colossal reflecting lamps might also be set up in the Parks. The outlay could be charged to the rates. No electric lighting should be for a moment allowed to interfere with the effect, and this would be in harmony with the traditions of the Royal Jubilee Year crowning the glorious fifty during which the Great Gas Companies have so luxuriantly flourished to their own benefit and that of the public. At least, Sir, that is the opinion of Yours faithfully, A DIRECTOR OF THREE.

SIR,—Here is an imperial idea. Why should not the entire male population of the Metropolis turn out on the night of the 21st inst, in illuminated hats. These could be obtained cheaply wholesale, and might be embellished on one side with the Royal Arms, and on the reverse with the programme of the six weeks Italian Opera Season now about to commence at Drury Lane. Take my word for it, the effect of such a crowd would be enormous. It would make a real big thing of the Jubilee festivities. Yours confidently, AUGUSTUS HARRIS.

SIR,—I have been thinking that no more effective, and, I should say, popular, method of illumination could be devised for the celebration of HER MAJESTY'S Jubilee, than the erection of a series of colossal transparencies, portraying in historical picture the progress of those great Liberal principles the triumphant development of which are universally accepted as its most distinguishing feature. The subject matter for these might be drawn freely from the public career of a prominent statesman, whom I feel I need not further indicate. I might add that the incidents of a recent journey to Wales would be alone sufficient to line one side of Piccadilly, and, indeed, the material I could supply to the artists engaged on the work would in effect prove inexhaustible. I have the honour to be, Sir, Your obedient servant, W. E. GLADSTONE.

SIR,—A few tons of dynamite judiciously distributed between Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, the various Government Offices, and Public Buildings, and fired simultaneously by electricity from College Green, would probably recommend itself as the most popular way of celebrating the Jubilee to those who take any interest in the movement on this side of the Irish Channel. However, I don't suppose the idea will be adopted; but I merely throw it out for what it is worth. Yours nationally, A DUBLIN BOY.

SIR,—Any proposal to illuminate London will be incomplete without the ascent of a fire-balloon. Why should not several ascend from the Royal Exchange at midnight, and take up, in turns, the LORD MAYOR and several of the leading Aldermen? The effect, as an apotheosis, would be striking, and it would not matter where they came down. Such, I am sure, would be the judgment of those who, like your Correspondent, are able to subscribe themselves as members of THE MUNICIPAL REFORM LEAGUE.

SIR,—Bonfires will be wanted on the Twenty-First, and what more appropriate sites could be found than those occupied by the London Statues? Let these then be tarred and feathered forthwith, surrounded by pitch and fagots, and kindled on the evening in question at a given signal. I can conceive no blaze more symbolic of the progress of HER MAJESTY'S reign than that which would hand over to destruction the hideous effigies that have so long defaced it. I am, Sir, yours, &c., ARS LONGA.

SIR,—Do you want a general illumination? On the evening of the 21st, after dark, give every house-front, cab, omnibus, policeman, and pedestrian in the Metropolis a thorough good coat of luminous paint. Then turn out the gas—and there you are. Yours thoughtfully, COLNEY HATCH.

TO PHCEBUS APOLLO.

AN EXPOSTULATION, JUNE 3RD, 1887.

"I WILL remember and express the praise Of Heaven's far-darter, the fair King of days."

So sings great Homer of the great Apollo. But in this current Eighteen Eighty Seven, His panegyric on the "light of Heaven," Seems hard to follow.

Where is the bright far-darter? That's our *crux*.

About the house of earth there is no *lux* That could bring Phcebus credit; there's no doubt of it.

Our dim June daylight rival to a "Brush" light?

Great Scott! The flaring of a farthing rushlight, Takes the shine out of it.

'Tis June, and in the year of Jubilee, And yet at noonday we can scarcely see

To paint a picture or to read a paper. A pretty state of things, O Pythian, truly! Our sky is worthy of some frigid Thule,

Our Sun's a taper.

You're a nice sort of chap to build a myth on!

Cannot the god who spifflicated Python, Tackle this monster who doth now invade us,—

I mean this demon of perpetual gloom? We must go darkling down unto our doom, Unless you aid us.

They're nonsense, don't you know, games of this sort.

If that's contempt of the Olympian Court

Sore provocation justifies free pardon.

When we should joy in skies like those of Venice

Dulness still spreads its pall, spoils cricket, tennis,

House, field, and garden.

Do turn it up, this long, long bout of sulking.

Achilles, the Greek hero, hot and hulking,

Whom you loved not, kept not his tent for ever.

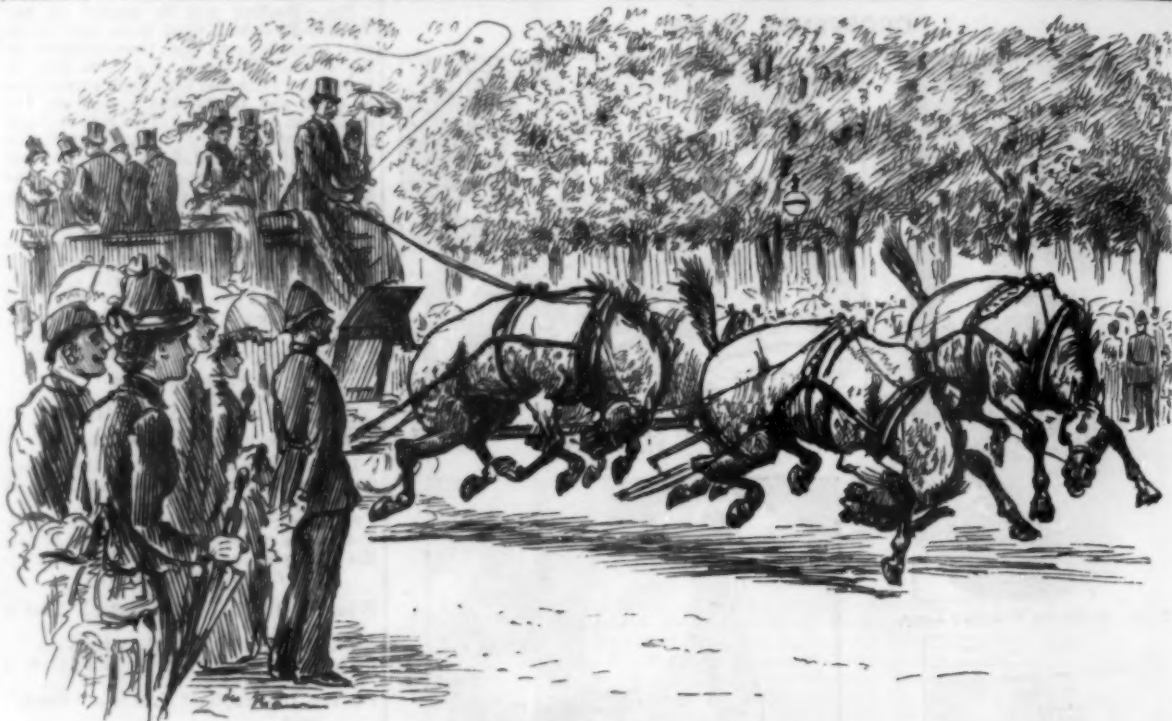
Come out! come out! Eh? What's that?

Smoke-Prevention?

Now, Phcebus, that, you know, in June, to mention

Is mean—though clever!

THE PITY OF IT.—MR. RUSKIN, in his best Mentor-martinet style, says:—"You hear a great deal nowadays of the worst nonsense ever uttered since men were born on earth." We do. Alas! that so much of it should come from—MR. RUSKIN!



"OH! WHAT A SURPRISE!"

SIR DE LA POER BLAZENBY DROVE UP HIS WELL-MATCHED TEAM OF SQUEALING AMERICAN BUCKJUMPERS IN SPLENDID STYLE,—AFFORDING A WELCOME RELIEF FROM THE OLD-FASHIONED AND SOMEWHAT MONOTONOUS REGULARITY THAT DISTINGUISHES THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB IN HYDE PARK.

"THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE."

A Farcis of the Pharmacopœia.

SCENE—An Apothecary's Shop at Westminster. Present, a certain Drug-Dispenser, one SM-TH. To him enter Doctor GL-DST-NE.

Apothecary (aside). Aha! Whom see I with impetuous step Swift hitherward approaching? An old man, And obviously, as ribald RANDOLPH put it, Still "in a hurry." Dr. GL-DST-NE's self, By all that's wonderful! Seeking a dose—He, the great Medico! Yes, verily, The whirligig of Time doth bring revenges. Now, do you know, that there is none to whom I would more readily administer Pride's Purge, or an astringent antidote To vocal flux,—drugs his diathesis Doth most invite,—than to this same grand old Dealer in drenches. But I must dissemble.

[Busies himself with his bottles.]

Doctor (aside). "I do remember an apothecary."

By GALEN, yes; and I'll remember him Whilst memory holds its seat—"remember" him

In such a sort he shall remember me. How sleek the drug-compounding varlet looks!

He'd pestle death in doses with a smile, And poison a sick pussy or a Pat.—So it were in the way of "law and order," As he would put it in his pedant jargon,—With equal pleasure and complacency. I'll physic him. *(Aloud.)* Give you good-day, good man!

Apothecary. And you, fair Sir. And—yet—I would you could Give us good days. Good days, meseem, are gone,

With sunny skies, sound cheese, and ribstone pippins, From poor old England. But you doubtless come

Not for discussion, but a dose. *Doctor (drily).* Most true. A dose, and no discussion! How that sums Your modern practice!

Apothecary (humbly). Ours, Sir, ours. You shirk

Your share of honour,—'tis the largest slice, And the first out.

Doctor (aside). Confound his courtesy! 'Tis a sleek serpent with a subtle sting.

(Aloud.) Distinguo, friend.

Apothecary. Yes, you were always good At that at least.

Doctor. 'Tis our profession's pride. *Apothecary.* But when the formula's the same, good Sir?

Doctor. 'Twixt homœopath and allopath, methinks,

The difference is no casuistic dream, But a great gulf.

Apothecary. That betwixt quack and savant?

Doctor. Pooh! pooh! I spake but in comparison.

It is the error of your kind to run A chance analogy right off its legs,

Then wonder that the argument should halt. *Apothecary.* Well, well, Sir, it is not for me to wrangle,

But to dispense. The dose! *[Hands it.]*

Doctor (sniffing it with much disfavour). 'Tis very nasty!

Apothecary (with feigned astonishment).—Nasty? This dose? Your own prescription?

Doctor (haughtily). Nay! 'Tis none of mine.

Apothecary. I do assure you, Sir! Here is the document.

Doctor. It hath been doctored; Doctored in fashion unprofessional

By charlatans and sciolists. Sangrados Fit but to bleed a pig, or drench a horse,

Or bolus a sick elephant. The ingredients Perchance remain, but the proportions? Pah!

A coarse, and crude, and ill-compacted jorum, Nose-nauseous, tongue-tormenting, stomach-sickening.

Call this my recipe? *[not.]*

Apothecary (aside, chuckling). He likes it But, argue as he will, he'll have to take it!

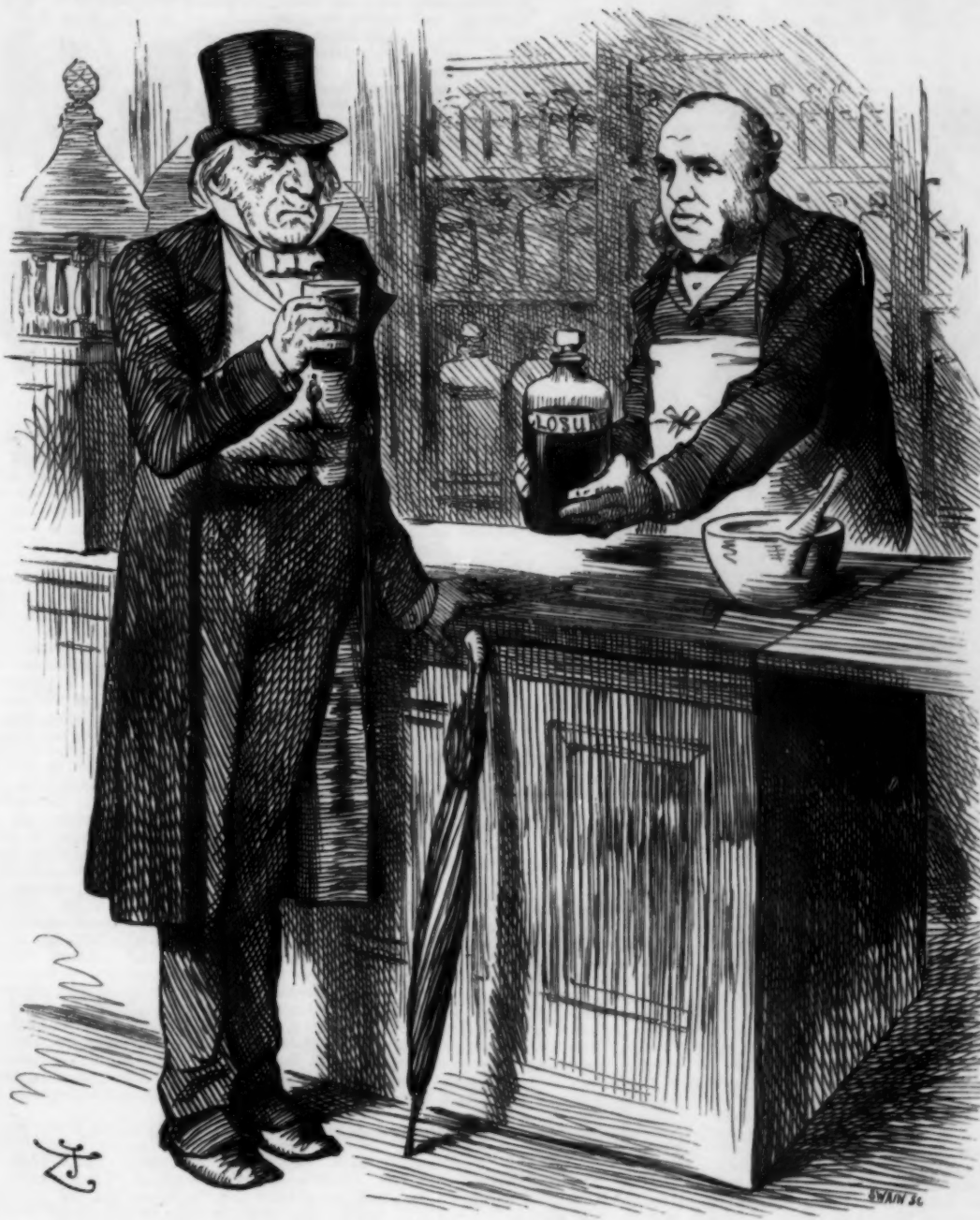
[Scene closes.]

Charles and the Children.

MR. CHARLES WYNDHAM gives a Children's Jubilee Benefit on the 17th, at the Criterion. "Cri, Baby, Cri!" The popular representative of David Garrick will be known as "CHARLES, their Friend." "The 'Cri' is still" (only the "Cri" never is still—'tis always going on), but the remainder of the quotation is true—"they come"—every night till further notice.

Simple!

WE "have not the ear of the people," they say. And that's why the Pats will not love and Our Parliament's duty of course then is clear, 'Tis but "getting the right (Irish) pig by the ear."



“THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE.”

DOCTOR W. E. G. “UGH! NASTY STUFF!”

APOTHECARY. “NASTY, DOCTOR! WHY, IT’S YOUR OWN PRESCRIPTION!!”



"THE MATTER IN DISPUTE"

THE LANCET AND THE LANCET
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
LONDON: PRINTED BY J. H. COOKE, 15, ABchurch Lane, E.C. 4

"OPERA OMNIA."

THOUGH *Dinorah* at Covent Garden is so associated with the name of PATTI as to make it odds against anyone else being accepted in the



"The Shadow Dance."

part, no matter how charming her appearance or perfect her vocalisation, yet Miss ELLA RUSSELL did undoubtedly score a distinct success as *Dinorah* last week—a success which, considering the difficulties to be contended with, amounted to a triumph. We trembled for the Shadow Scene, for PATTI was the Shadow, and ELLA RUSSELL is the Substance; and though the acting was no great shakes, yet the singing was, and her last note, far away, up in the air (the air she was singing, of course), took us, and everybody else, by surprise, and after an enthusiastic encore, which could have been trebled, we found ourselves wisely preferring the present substance to the absent shadow. After all, this is only a question of figure; and if PATTI's figure is four hundred a night, no Management can stand it.

Signor STAGI, as the comic *Cosentino*, was rather Singer Stagey in his humour. D'ANDRADE was an excellent *Hoel*. Madame SCALCHI was the Goatherd, "with song," and the quartette of prayerful peasants was one of the hits of the evening. What a boy Madame SCALCHI is! When Signor LAGO engaged her as his contralto, he was not out in his SCALCHI-lation. To see her as *Maffeo Orsini*, the gay young mashing and impetuous page in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and above all to hear her, is a real treat. Strange that our old friend *Lucrezia Borgia* should attract a bigger house than *Dinorah*, but so it was, as anyone conversant with Covent Garden Opera for the last any number of years might have told at once on entering the Theatre, and beholding the radiant appearance of the Hall,—the Covent Garden HALL we mean, so long associated with "the front of the House," who on this occasion looked like one of the "Halls of dazzling delight," with an orchid (*Chamberlainia Unionensis*) in his button-hole, and an extra chair in his hand which he was ordering to be taken immediately into the stalls where there was no more room.



The "But" of the argument.

It was a fine performance. Madame CEREDA was the wicked *Lucrezia*, and GAYARRÉ with an extra song, charmingly given and vociferously encoored—(did it matter what it was about being sung in Italian and unintelligible to a majority, so long as the audience were happy?)—was the hero who is so unhospitably treated by the bad Duke, whose representative on this occasion, Signor LORRAIN, was worse than the Duke was ever intended to be. Yet there was something artistically suggestive of a quivering of conscience in the perpetual tremor of his voice (an effect that can be also artificially produced by beating your breast penitentially while you are singing); and when in his lowest notes, so typical of the basest motives, he was occasionally out of tune, why was this but to subtly remind us that his conduct was not in harmony with all that was good and true?

From this it will be seen that one at least in that audience appreciated Signor LORRAIN. What a charming Opera! Full of melody and melodrama! Away, ye Wagnerites! Give us DONIZETTI in the present, and let the future take care of itself. But, fancy, three Operas!! We are impartial—but what's the betting? Which is to win? Personally we select all three—for a place.

Lohengrin was the success of last week at Drury Lane. The Prince and Princess of WALES patronised both houses—*Lohengrin* one night, and *Lucrezia* in the next. The Rose season is just finishing.

Saturday, at Covent Garden.—A magnificent performance of *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Quite "old times revived"—for they are playing a rival *Lucia* at Her Majesty's, and people are already taking sides with Signor LAGO or Colonel MAPLESON, as in the historic days when JENNY LIND was at Her Majesty's and MARIO and GRISI at Covent Garden. Nothing like competition. Signor AUGUSTUS HARRIZI will be saying, "A plague o' both your houses" to them.



FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS.

Fubby. "A—EVERYBODY'S GETTING TOO CLEVER NOWADAYS. I ASSURE YOU, MY CHIEF OBJECT IN SOCIETY IS TO CONGRATULATE MY LONG-RANCE, AND PREVENT PEOPLE FROM FINDING OUT WHAT AN ASPECT FOOL I REALLY AM!"

Miss Towers. "AND DO YOU SUCCEED?"

ALBANI was never in better voice than to-night as *Lucia*; GAYARRÉ surpassed himself, Signor DEVOYON was an excellent *Enrico* (looking rather like Professor HERKOMER), and Signor BELTRAMO as the bass, but sympathetic, *Raimondo*, completed a first-rate cast. Signor CORSI did as much with the unhappy and much-snubbed Bridegroom *Arturo* as could be expected of anyone under such trying circumstances, and the old nobility of Scotland, kindly, but somewhat prim in their manners, came out effectively in the chorus which chimes in with the septette in the Second Act, and keeping their eye on Signor BEVIGNANI's beat—this is to speak of the Conductor as if he were a policeman—assisted in winning an enthusiastic encore. A great success, difficult to equal, much more to beat. Now let us hear what our Other Chap has to say of *Lucia* in the Haymarket.

At *Her Majesty's*.—The Other Chap says *Lucia* was being played while Another Fellow was at Covent Garden. The house was not unpleasantly crowded—the orchestra was quite full, but there were several vacant places elsewhere. The performance was interesting. Signor DE ANNA as *Ashton* scored a success, both as a singer and an actor. He has a powerful voice well under control, and a fund of quiet humour that should be useful to him in lighter parts. His calm contempt for the miserable guests (apparently poor relations) he had invited to his sister's wedding was most amusing. The great feature of the occasion (barring my own presence in the theatre) was the *début* of Mlle. JENNY BROCH, who created a favourable impression by her well-intentioned execution of the very trying passages of the Mad Scene. The chief fault of this young lady's acting was her proneness to express extreme agitation by suddenly falling flat on her back; but this embarrassing habit found ample compensation in her musical athletics—the "vocal fireworks" were quite worthy of BROCH.



“TO BE QUITE ACCURATE.”

Counsel. “MARRIED?” Witness “No.” Counsel. “SINGLE?” Witness. “No!”
 Counsel. “AH—WIDOW?” Witness. “No!”
 Counsel. “BUT, MY DEAR MADAM, SURELY YOU MUST BE ONE OR—”
 Witness (simpering). “No—ENGAGED!”

FLOWERS OF PLAIN SPEECH. (*An apology by an Optimist.*)—Why take a pessimist view of House of Commons language? You can't call it un-English. Isn't even the worst of it, at any rate, somewhat of the Vulgar Tongue? Grant the fastidious Tory and finical Aristocrat that vituperation, invective, aspersion, and the application of forcible expressions to obnoxious opponents may perhaps have resulted from the popular election of Men of the People—Manhood Suffrage. A man's a man for a' that. Rough diamonds are still diamonds, and diamonds that shouldn't be cut. Opprobrious epithets may be allowed, as the natural utterances of reasoners in a rage. Everybody when in a rage is in earnest. Earnestness means sincerity. Indignant, passionate, and infuriated assailants bespeak themselves sincere. Of course they sometimes vent their animosity in terms such as cold-blooded scribes can only indicate by blanks, dashes and stars. Well, but the latter do but serve to suggest luminous points. Let us evermore look at the bright, not the dark side of things, and of words also, which, from a one-sided view, may seem just a little shady. “No abuse that, no abuse.”

“THEY'RE ALL VERY POOR AND SMALL.”

A Comic Song for all Companies.

AIR—“They're all very fine and large.”

To be magnanimous in these times
 Is not a thing that pays,
 Largeness of soul is the worst of crimes
 In our self-seeking days.
 The great to belittle is to be great,
 And spite alone is strong;
 It is the mainspring of the State,
 The soul of Art and Song.

Chorus.

We're all very poor and small,
 We revel in reptile slime!
 We aim to rise by another's fall,
 We sneer at a hope sublime.
 We're the crawlers of creation,
 And proud of our power to crawl,
 Save a limited few, say a dozen or two,
 We're all very poor and small.

If our lives to love we dedicate,
 Or pipe of its power in verse,
 Our souls we cannot emancipate
 From the old *Tannhäuser* curse.
 We sing the sensual sweets of shame,
 From a selfless love we shrink; [“word?”]
 What is love but greed, as for wine or
 Is a damsel dearer than drink?

Chorus.

We are all very poor and small,
 Cynical, sordid, coarse,
 To Courts of Love man once was thrall,
 Our Court is—that of Divorce.
 Cheap freedom, hot sensation,
 It furnishes to us all,
 Which no modern Muse will dare refuse,
 They are all very poor and small.

That man must be a mandlin dunce,
 What wise men term a “mug,”
 Who hears of “chivalry”—actual once—
 Without a cynic shrug.
 Magnanimous muffs perchance exist,
 Rare dodos, here and there;
 But love is moonshine, loyalty mist.
 To the most who breathe the earth's air.

Chorus.

They're all very poor and small,
 They're faithless, sordid, mean;
 For honour's honey they've swayed's gall,
 For sentiment, cynical spleen.
 If you want to whip creation,
 To soar you first must crawl;
 Think less of wings than fangs and stings;
 Men are all very poor and small.

A NEW “Mystic Story,” entitled *The Day Ghost*, is announced for “immediate publication.” Should it be successful, no doubt it will be followed, as companion volumes, by *The Afternoon Phantom*, *The Five o' Clock Tea Shade*, and *The Supper Spectre*, which again would suggest a further “Tale of Terror,” *The Luncheon Bogey*.

RHYMES ON A HOME-RULER.

A MAN there is of noted name,
 Which all men don't pronounce the same,
 But if you would the question sift,
 You only need to read your SWIFT.
 Thus, after HORACE, in a parley
 With OXFORD, to the Dean says HARLEY—
 “Or, have you nothing new to-day
 From POPE, from FARWELL, or from GAY?”
 So wrote the Dean, as also spoke he,
 Not an iambus, but a trochee.
 Henceforth you'll place the accent right,
 And thank us for this FARWELL light.

IN STATU QUO.

A MEETING of the London Statues was held at midnight (the exact date of which has not yet transpired) to consider the best mode of celebrating HER MAJESTY'S Jubilee. The Duke of WELLINGTON (late of Hyde Park Corner), who came up specially from Aldershot to be present on the occasion, presided.

The CHAIRMAN said that he felt very much flattered at being asked to take the Chair, or, rather, to retain his seat on his horse—(laughter)—at so interesting a gathering. No doubt it was considered by many he saw before him that he, who did not claim kindred with the QUEEN, was better fitted to preside than those who were bound to her by ties of relationship. ("Hear, hear!") However, he begged to remind them that he had the honour of being the godfather of H.R.H. Lieutenant-General the Duke of CONNAUGHT, C.B., who, as Treasurer of Gray's Inn, was most worthily commemorating the Jubilee. (Cheers.) He would be glad to receive any suggestion, as, being now an absentee from London, he was scarcely fitted to take the lead in any plan affecting the Metropolis. ("Hear, hear!")

A Statue who said he was the Duke of WELLINGTON, and who gave an address somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, here created a disturbance by claiming to be the "real London Hero of Waterloo." By order of the Chairman, the person, who wore a very eccentric costume, was promptly removed.

GEORGE THE THIRD then rose amidst some applause, and said that he had taken the liberty of convening the meeting, as he had had a Jubilee himself. ("Hear, hear!") There had recently appeared a suggestion that St. Paul's



NOT IN THE CAST OF THE PIECE.

B-I-n-g-r. "AHA! THEY HAVE NOT GIVEN ME A PART!
NO MATTER! A TIME WILL COME!"

should be completely washed. Why should not they have the same advantage? ("Hear, hear!") He might add that his hat required a thorough renovation. The speaker was here entering into further details concerning the condition of his costume, when he was suppressed by the Closure at the instigation of

GEORGE THE FOURTH, who complained piteously that he cut a very ridiculous figure in Trafalgar Square in a wig and Roman toga.

RICHARD THE FIRST (Westminster) said it was no use to lament their personal appearances. ("Hear, hear!") The matter had been thoroughly threshed out by the Press a score of times, and, although he was a favourable specimen of a statue ("Hear, hear!" and "No, no!"), there was no doubt that it was universally admitted that, as a whole, they disgraced the Metropolis. (Cheers.) He would suggest that they should all be removed to Westminster Abbey, where they would have the advantage of witnessing the ceremony. ("Hear, hear!")

It was objected that there would not be room, and, after a suggestion (from CHARLES THE FIRST, who quoted a precedent) that they should all be buried, it was agreed that it would be better to remove them en bloc from London to some unfrequented part of the country, in honour of HER MAJESTY'S Jubilee. It was asserted that this plan would be received by the public at large with the most lively satisfaction.

Cock-crow having sounded, the Meeting separated rather hurriedly.

A CORONER's unpleasant duty is to "sit on a body." Mr. VILLIAMT, the Suffolk Coroner, seems to have found a pleasure in sitting on every body.

THE APPLE-CART.

(An Original Poetical Fancy, by A New Bard in his Calmure Moments.)

TIME—Autumn. SCENE—The Orchard.

PERSONAGES—A Gentleman (of weak head). A Lady (of tender heart).

Gentleman (gloomily). Why, what a rogue and peasant-slave am I! Lady (soothingly). Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet.

(Impatiently.) Angels and ministers of grace defend us! [He groans.

The quality of mercy is not strained,

And all the men and women merely players,

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything!

G. (curiously). Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned?

L. (nervously). Neither, sweet Saint, if either thee displease.

G. (thoughtfully). I have a tree, which grows here in my close,

Which droppeth like the gentle rain from Heaven,

And is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,

Let Hercules himself do what he may.

(Apple-cart upset in the background. *Esthetic Sunset.* Soft music.)

L. (romantically). Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!

Take him, and cut him out in little stars,

Still quiring to the young-eyed Cherubin:

When they are fretted with the gusts of Heaven!

(Anxiously.) How dost thou, CHARLES?

G. (inattentively). Now—is the winter of our discontent

To be, or not to be? That is the question.

And shortly must I tell it. Tell my friends

(Excitedly.) To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,

And 'twixt the green sea and the azure vault!

(Frantically.) I am not mad! this hair I tear is mine!

L. (promptly). For ever and for ever farewell, CASSIUS!

Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content—

And deeper than did ever plummet sound!

Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me! [Exit precipitately.

G. (triumphantly). And d—be he who first cries, Hold, enough!

[Seats himself on stump of Apple-tree.

This is my Throne. Bid Kings come bow to it. [Curtain.

MR. GREENHORN'S EXPERIENCES.

It ought to be very consolatory, and even highly gratifying to me, to learn what a very large number of friends I have in our grand old City. But it somehow scarcely seems to have that effect. I am utterly unacquainted with them, never having seen their several names previously, and yet they favour me with minute details, not of mere probabilities but of absolute certainties of making a large fortune by the investment of a comparatively very small sum.

I received last week five of such generous offers, rather more than my weekly average. The very lowest return for my suggested investment was 17 per cent. per annum, but that was spoken of in a rather depressed tone as if 17 per cent. was scarcely worthy of my attention in comparison with so many others that were probably being offered to me.

And my unknown friend was perfectly right in his supposition. What is 17 per cent. per annum compared to the offer of a few shares in a gold mine, of such almost incredible richness, that the gold was shining in the surrounding rocks in such abundance, that the Directors were only waiting for the means for purchasing the necessarily rather expensive plant, to make every shareholder "rich beyond the dreams of avarice," which means, according to the illustrious SAMUEL JOHNSON, rich as a Brewer—and how rich that is we learned the other day from Sir SOMEBODY GUINNESS. The one matter that prevented me immediately rushing into this realised El Dorado, was the trifling circumstance that it was situate in the very uttermost parts of the earth, and my stupid Atlas utterly failed to describe its locality.

I have a few friends on the Stock Exchange, and on talking these several matters over with them, I find my statements invariably produce the same results. They first laugh quietly at what they call my charming simplicity, and then strongly recommended me not to mention generally what I thought was the complimentary manner in which I seemed to be selected by my unknown friends, lest it should be thought to be a sign that my knowledge upon these particular matters was not quite so great as it doubtless is upon all others. This may of course be mere jealousy, but it has had the

effect of making me refuse to lend a most gentlemanly man, though a perfect stranger, a sum of £3,500, for which I was to receive a nice little comfortable revenue of one thousand a year, payable quarterly, secured on his own personal guarantee, the first quarter's revenue to be paid in advance, a mark of confidence that I thoroughly appreciated, but somehow did not reciprocate.

I certainly feel rather ashamed of myself for my want of faith in my fellow man, and also for my apparent want of courtesy in not writing to my several unknown friends thanking them for their extremely generous offers to allow me to share in their good fortune; but, having done so on one or two occasions, I found myself so overwhelmed with explanatory correspondence, that I was compelled to seek refuge in dogged silence.

JOSEPH GREENHORN.

STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

NO. XXVII.—MRS. SKINNER, THE LANDLADY.

THAT "Todgers could do it when it liked," we have high authority for believing; but it may be taken as equally indisputable that Todgers



when she betakes herself to the letting of lodgings, can do you when she likes and that she invariably does like.

Some years ago there was a picture in this paper of the old lady who delighted in organs. She was represented as performing a wild jig to the melody of one of those instruments, and in Megs Terrace, the first sunshine and West wind of the Jubilee Year was doubtless hailed with similar saltatory exultation. Those veteran spiders pictured flies from afar off with well-filled pockets fluttering into their webs and being promptly phlebotomised. Was it not the Jubilee Year? Were not Her Majesty's subjects from all ends of the earth coming to see the show, and take part in

"the kick up," and was not gold galore to be scattered wide by these "innocents." Were they not to remember the Jubilee Year. Had not such chances on a smaller scale come before, but was ever such an opportunity as this. Lodgings, cab-fares, provisions &c., would be doubled, nay, trebled. A florin for a chop and a guinea a week for the privilege of sleeping in the dustbin.

Gather ye florins while ye may,
Your charges don't be shy in.

Sang, or rather would have sung, Mrs. SKINNER, had she been given that way, as she marshalled her forces and prepared for the campaign. "Put plenty of fire-bricks into the grates, JEMIMA, — our little scuttles seem to go further when they can't put 'em all on at once, and coals is profitable when you retail 'em by the lump."

JEMIMA is Mrs. SKINNER's niece, a most affable young lady, who condescends to officiate as parlour-maid. There is no false delicacy about JEMIMA. She puts herself at once upon the most friendly footing with her Aunt's lodgers, and volunteers her advice upon any subject that may be discussed in her presence, with a freedom that is well nigh maddening. Complaints JEMIMA treats in a jocular way. That the dinner should be half an hour late, or the sitting-room fire out seems to amuse her excessively. She beams all over at your indignant remonstrance, and smilingly responds "Lor! so it is, Mum!"

On the answering of bells Megs Terrace generally shows a lofty indifference, holding that lodgers must be kept in their places, and not pampered by too much attention. "If you want a thing done, do it yourself; and there's nobody can brush clothes like them as is going to wear 'em," is an established creed in Megs Terrace, and that attendance is meant to be paid for, not rendered, a subject that admits of no dispute. Megs Terrace is in a great state of exultation as the April sun shines out upon it. The impenetrable gloom in which its denizens have dwelt of late has slightly dashed their spirits. When one lives by gaslight, and even loses that extensive prospect of "over the way" so eulogised by Mr. Swireller, it is difficult to take a cheerful view of life. Moreover, the early sight-

seers were no more to be looked for than swallows in such weather. But with the West wind Megs Terrace began to furbish itself up, and look more hopefully at that bait of "Apartments" with which its windows were so plentifully bespattered. Surely this would lure the feminine population from the provinces with minds much exercised on the subject of Spring fashions; and when it became a question of shopping, Megs Terrace flattered itself it was "all there," and within a stone's-throw of all the noted emporiums of the West End.

Megs Terrace is regarded by its inhabitants as the very eye of the Metropolis, the very centre of the fashionable world. If you may believe Mrs. SKINNER, its locality is exceptionally favoured in the matter of provisions. A remark on your part that a wild duck is an uncertain bird, apt to be fishy, is immediately met by the rejoinder, "We never has 'em fishy in Megs Terrace." It appears, also, that in the case of butcher's meat and poultry this dingy-looking paradise is similarly favoured. "We never has anything but the best joints in Megs Terrace," reiterates Mrs. SKINNER with stony inflexible face that declines to discuss such a subject. When what she denominates a chicken fricassée arrives, your want of belief in the poultry of the neighbourhood is confirmed, mingled with the conviction that somebody dined upon that fowl before it was hashed up for you. Mrs. SKINNER has a way of brushing away all complaint or argument by simple assertion. When Mrs. SKINNER has once stated a thing, it is hopeless to suppose that the most glaring proofs of her being in the wrong would make the slightest difference in her opinion. She's more autocratic than King Thieraw in the plenitude of his power; and the "Perhaps you would suit yourself elsewhere" with which she closes the conference, is a ukase from which there is no appeal.

Mrs. SKINNER is a woman who has let lodgings to some purpose — a hard woman, who has studied the subject and solved the extreme possibilities of indirect taxation. She has got a nice little bit of money laid by, and could retire from her vocation to-morrow if she chose, but she knows that she would weary of doing nothing. Without lodgers to plunder and browbeat, Mrs. SKINNER would find life tedious. She has her weaknesses, but never permits them to interfere with her business, any reference to which invariably calls up the stony stare. The first is her personal appearance. She dresses on high days and holidays in the most expensive fashion, not garishly but richly, and cherishes the belief that she is still a most attractive woman, and might speedily have her finger ringed if she could make up her mind to part with her independence. She is probably right upon this point, as there are plenty of idle men of her class who would ask no better than to so anchor themselves for life; but Mrs. SKINNER is not going to have her hard-earned money scattered in that wise. As for the defunct SKINNER, he is the most shadowy of shades, and the general impression is, that after some years of spinsterhood the good lady thought it advisable to assume brevet rank. Her second weakness is for a little something hot and strong in the evening, and under its influence she is wont to relax, and, with a little encouragement, recount to a sympathetic listener the rôle of her conquests. In an unguarded moment, she, upon one of these occasions, divulged some of the secrets of her calling, and rather opened the eyes of her lodger.

"Yes, potatoes, Ma'am. I always send them up potatoes, whether they want 'em or not. You see I buy them by the sack, and sell 'em top price, by the pound."

The little something hot and strong must have been wrongly estimated in regard to strength or quantity that evening, for Mrs. SKINNER went into further revelations that made that lodger's flesh creep. As to how she fed the second floor upon the debris of the first floor's dinner, and those second-floorers, poor innocents, wondered how it was that their dinner was always half an hour late.

"Thank you, my dear," continued Mrs. SKINNER, increasing in familiarity, and stealing her hand out towards the whiskey decanter; "it's a hard life, but there are pickings to be had; and it's not a bad profession when you understand it."

To do her justice, it was rarely Mrs. SKINNER was overtaken in this fashion; but that lodger remembered she, too, was "a second-floorer," that her dinners had been unaccountably late, and beat a hasty retreat from Megs Terrace.

But Mrs. SKINNER is high of heart about the profits that will be made over this Jubilee Year. Like all her class, she is impressed with the idea that the rush to celebrate the fiftieth year of Her Majesty's reign from all parts of the world will resemble that to the gold-fields some quarter of a century ago, and that the providers of food and lodging will be paid in similar royal fashion. Keeping a grocery store in those days was as good in Australia or California as having hit off a most successful "claim." Poor Mrs. SKINNER, she works hard, and grinds persistently at her mill both late and early; and if she increases her store by a little speculation, are there not many others who are getting their living by doing the same on a grander scale, and who live and die much respected? May she have plenty of victims, and not succumb to the wiles of man in the decline of life, but wear silks and peddle potatoes to the last.

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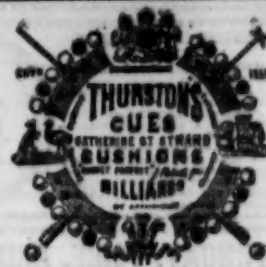
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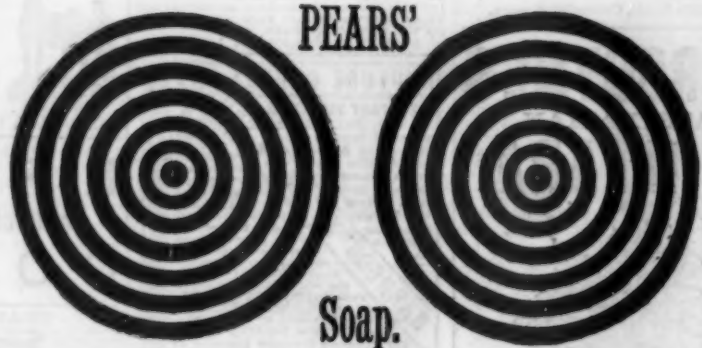
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